

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant Host,
And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-
and Tong Prince, with Drumme and
Trumpettes.K. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.
Dost not the obiekt cheere your heart, my Lord.K. I, as the rockes cheere them that feare their wrack,
To see this fight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pittie must belayd aside:To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would vnrpe their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth like?
Not his that spoyle her yong before her face.Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst yeeld consent to disinherit him:
Which argued thee a most vnloving Father.
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not scene them euen with those wings,
Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pittie that this goodly BoyShould loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successfull Fortune Steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But Clifford tell me, didst thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell:
He leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any iot of pleasure.
Ah Cofin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greene me that thy head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenes, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.Prim. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
He draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him.

Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prim. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolke, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?

And let thy Diadem vpon my head?

Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,

Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:

I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,

You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,

Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.Clif. And reason too,
Who should succcede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

Clif. I Croke-back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. What sayst thou Henry,

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speak?)

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare

When you and I, met at S. Albons last,
Your legges did better seruice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence.

Nor No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine
The execution of my big-wolue heart
Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, callst thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare
me speake.

Qu. Desie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,

I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:

By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,

That Cliffords Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I haue my right, or no?

A thousand men haue broke their Falts to day,
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no vrrong, but euery thing is right.War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I vvor, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule misshapen Stygmaticke,Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whole Father beares the Title of a King,(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Shamst thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.

Ed. A wiife of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Caller know her selfe:Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be Mevelans;And ne're was Agamemmons Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And cam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That wast his Fathers fortunes forth of France,And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?Hadst thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,
And we in pittie of the Gentle King,

Had slept our Claimes, vntill another Age.

Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selues,Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,
We'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,

Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution, I desie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake:
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,

And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

Qu. Stay Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Ala

War. For

I lay me downe

For strokes receiued

Haue robb'd me

And spight

Ed. Smile

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